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BY

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18 Vesey Street, New York

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Comedy in One Act

By

ELEANOR MAUD CRANE

*Author of "Just for Fun," "Men, Maids and Matchmakers,"
"Pair of Idiots," "A Regular Flirt," "When a Man's
Single," "Next Door," "Little Savage," "Billy's Bunga-
low," "Rainbow Kimona," "Peggy's Predicament," "In
the Ferry House," "Ye Village Skewl of Long Ago,"
"Bachelor Maids' Reunion," "Fun in a Farm
House," "Fads and Fancies," etc.*

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JUL 14 1920

Her Victory

CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

MAY PARKER.....	<i>Sculptor</i>
FRANCES MORGAN.....	<i>Illustrator</i>
MRS. FINNIGAN.....	<i>From fair Erin</i>
HAZEL REID.....	<i>Dancer</i>
FREDERIKA BRENT.....	<i>Mural artist</i>
BETTY WILSON.....	<i>Authoress</i>
PEGGY LAWRENCE.....	<i>Violinist</i>
RUTH WHEELER.....	<i>Cartoonist</i>
ELOISE TAYLOR.....	<i>Pianist</i>
VERA DAVENPORT.....	<i>Designer</i>
JEAN WEBSTER.....	<i>Fashion artist</i>
GRACE FOSTER.....	<i>Interior decorator</i>
LAURA JACKSON.....	<i>Maid of all work of the Sunny South</i>
VICTORY JOHNSON.....	<i>Laura's shadow</i>
JOSIE MURRAY.....	<i>Scenic artist</i>
NANETTE LYLE.....	<i>In the "Movies"</i>
ELIZABETH WOODS.....	<i>Art critic</i>

NOTE.—This sketch is so arranged that the number of characters may be cut to accommodate a small cast or increased to permit the introduction of specialties, local hits, or native talent. Parts may be doubled if desired. It may be played with or without tableaux.

TIME.—The present.

LOCALITY.—Studio, Washington Square.

TIME OF PLAYING.—One hour.

COSTUMES

MAY PARKER, studio apron or smock over pretty house dress.

FRANCES MORGAN, modern street suit, hat, gloves.

MRS. FINNIGAN, exaggerated or eccentric costume, extreme of present style.

LAURA JACKSON, attempt at fine artistic dress. Bright colors, rather startling in effect.

VICTORY JOHNSON, kinky wig, plaid dress, apron.

TOPSY, wig of kinky hair.

The other characters should wear costumes in the present prevailing style, although it is necessary for one of the girls to wear a mannish-looking hat and another is to wear a large cape.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES

Plaster cast upon which MAY is working. Clay for MAY and LAURA. A sketch-book containing several pictures for FRANCES. Fan for RUTH. Check for JOSIE. A hand-bag and a typewriter for HAZEL.

NOTE.—A square wooden box with a waterproof cover of a typewriter drawn over it will give the effect of a typewriter and be easier to handle than the machine itself.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of stage; U. L., up left; D. R., door at right; D. L., door at left; UP, toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

Her Victory

SCENE.—*Studio in Washington Square. Door at R. and a door U. L. Key in D. L. Unmounted charcoal and water-color sketches decorate the walls. A plaster bust, a bronze statue and two or three clay casts give a good effect. An easel with a drawing-board, paper and a piece of charcoal is in the background. A shelf with a few well chosen ornaments, among them a blue vase containing money, is DOWN L. A low table containing tea-things and a fan DOWN R. A rather high table on which stands a plaster cast that MAY is touching up, is DOWN L. Also some clay near table. A few bits of drapery, a chiffon scarf or two in soft pastel shades are thrown over the back of the easel and couch, and several chairs help to furnish the studio. A scrap basket is at the side of the couch. A tightly folded umbrella is also standing in some corner of the room. DISCOVERED MAY PARKER in modelling apron, working feverishly upon an unfinished plaster cast. Suddenly she drops into a chair, tired and discouraged.*

ENTER FRANCES MORGAN D. R., *sketch-book under her arm; she does not see MAY. FRANCES pulls off her gloves angrily, throws book upon the couch, opens it, takes out a picture, holds it at arm's length a second, then crushes the picture in her hands and tosses it into the scrap basket. She is about to destroy a second sketch.*

MAY (*springs up and catches FRANCES' arm*). Frances Morgan, what on earth are you doing?

FRANCES (*in surprise*). May, how you startled me!

MAY (*taking sketch from basket and holding it up*). Frances, what does this mean?

FRANCES (*taking off her hat and jabbing her hat-pin into it savagely*). Oh, May, what's the use? What is the use of it all?

MAY (*her hand on FRANCES' shoulder as FAN sinks into chair*). Don't, Fan, you mustn't get discouraged now. Was it so awfully hard?

FAN (*bitterly*). Oh, not at all. It was the shortest interview I ever had. It didn't last two minutes.

MAY (*surprised*). But you've been gone over two hours.

FAN. That's how long he kept me waiting. I had an appointment, you see, so I was only kept waiting two hours.

MAY (*leaning forward eagerly*). But you *did* see him?

FAN (*nodding*). Yes, for exactly two minutes.

MAY (*catching up sketch*). And he saw your work?

FAN (*looks over MAY'S shoulder at sketch*). Yes, and that was all he did see. The work. Too much detail. Not enough left to the imagination. A picture to-day should suggest more than it reveals. In fact it should be all suggestion.

MAY (*studies sketch admiringly*). But your work is so fine, so sincere. You hold a mirror up to nature.

FAN (*shakes her head*). Wrong, May, all wrong. Art should suggest. The eye of the beholder supplies the rest. Don't you understand?

MAY. No, I can't say that I do.

FAN (*goes to easel and catches up bit of charcoal. She draws a curved line upon the paper on drawing-board then turns to MAY*). Let me illustrate. I draw a line so. What do you see?

MAY (*studies the line a second, her head on one side*). I see a curved line.

FAN (*in disappointed tones*). Is that all?

MAY. Yes. What else is there for me to see?

FAN (*gesticulating as she speaks*). A tree swaying in the breeze. A storm is gathering. The clouds lower. The thunder roars. The tempest breaks. The picture is called "Revelation."

MAY (*looks at FAN, then at picture, puzzled*). But what is revealed?

FAN (*impatiently*). The soul of Art. True Art. Wait, I'll give you another chance. (*Draws an irregular oval with a sweep of the charcoal*) Behold, what seest thou?

MAY (*tragically*). The writhing of a heart in agony. Terror sweeps over her. She is crushed to earth. But lo, she rises triumphant. The picture is called "Regeneration."

FAN (*looks from MAY to easel in surprise*). May, do you really see all that?

MAY (*nods serenely*). Of course I do.

FAN (*looks over MAY'S shoulder and tries to get her view-point*). Where?

MAY (*points to easel*). There.

FAN (*thoughtfully*). Then he was right. There is something in it.

MAY. Wasn't that what you expected me to see?

FAN. Not exactly. But if my pencil can inspire you to such heights, who knows to what dizzy altitudes we may attain? Why waste hours in a vain attempt to reproduce nature when a stroke of the pencil accomplishes such miracles as that. (*Points to easel*) Oh, Art, what crimes are committed in thy name.

MAY (*gathers up sketches*). Well, you are not going to commit the crime of destroying these. (*As FAN tries to take them from her*) Unhand me, woman. (*As FAN succeeds in gaining possession of sketches*) Fan, please let me have them. I think them beautiful and I want them, if you don't.

FAN (*looks at sketches and hesitates*). But the greatest critic of our age has condemned them.

MAY (*with contempt*). Critic? Don't talk to me about critic unless you want to hear me sputter. You know my opinion of them.

FAN (*setting out tea things*). How's the statue coming on?

MAY. What statue?

FAN. What statue? Why, the statue for the fountain, of course.

MAY (*scats herself in dismay*). Fan, I can't do it.

FAN. Nonsense. You've got to do it.

MAY. I can't. Not without a model.

FAN (*rises laughingly*). Is that all? What about me? I just guess I can pose. How's this? (*Stands with foot extended and one hand raised above her head*)

MAY (*laughs*). Fine. What do you call it?

FAN. *The Marseillaise crossing the Rhine or the Vengeful Vamp.* (*Drops pose and speaks seriously*) But really, May, you waste more time.

MAY. I know it but what can I do? I've tried and tried but I can't go on. I've come to the place where I must have a model and I can't afford to engage one.

FAN (*looks toward vase on shelf*). There's the blue vase.

MAY (*quickly*). No, Fan, we solemnly vowed never to touch that vase money.

FAN (*slowly*). I know we did, but —

MAY (*firmly*). There are no buts about it. That money is to be saved until we have enough to buy a typewriter for Betty. No editor will read a story to-day unless it is typed and Betty must have this chance, for that girl certainly can write.

FAN. So can you sculpt. Don't you see, May, if you take that money now and hire a real model to pose for the statue for your fountain, why, at the spring exhibition, when your orders begin to come in, you can buy the typewriter for Betty and—there you are.

MAY (*shakes her head*). And suppose the orders do not come in?

FAN (*takes down vase*). How much have we saved?

MAY (*takes vase from FAN and replaces it upon shelf*). No, Fan, I shan't touch one cent of that and you mustn't either.

FAN. I don't see why not. Betty knows absolutely nothing of our plans for her so she wouldn't be disappointed.

ENTER MRS. FINNIGAN D. R.

MRS. FINNIGAN (*looks about curiously*). Is this the studio?

FAN (*turns to her in surprise*). Yes, but how did you get in here?

MRS. F. Sure an' Oi walked in. Are you the artist loidy?

FAN. We are both artists. Miss Parker is a sculptor and I paint.

MRS. F. (*looks at FAN admiringly*). You do it moighty well. Begorra, if ye hadn't told me Oi'd niver have guessed it. (*To MAY*) You're the wan Oi want ter see. Oi'm thinkin' of havin' a bust made off me husband.

MAY. You mean you want *me* to model your husband?

MRS. F. Well, Pat niver wuz no model. He wuz— (*With a sigh*) jist a mon.

MAY. I wonder if you wouldn't like a bas-relief?

MRS. F. (*nods and smiles*). Now I'll jist lave thot to you. (*With a burst of confidence*) You see, it wuz this way. Mrs. O'Connor, her thot has the flat jist over me, lost her Mike with the flu last month an', would you belave it, she's got him condinsed, in a urn, on the mantel pace in her parlor. Ivery toime I call on her she rams thot urn down me throat. I jist can't stand her airs another day. I buried me Pat two years ago this Easter an' Oi haven't the heart to dig him up. Pat always hated so to be jigged about, the saints preserve his sowl! An' so Oi thought an' Oi thought, an' last night it come to me thot if Oi had a bust off Pat on me pianny, why thot O'Connor woman would be took down a peg. An' thot's why Oi've come to you.

FAN (*doubling up with laughter behind MRS. F.'s back*). But you say your husband is dead.

MRS. F. Sure. (*Proudly*) You ought to see the gran' stone Oi put up for him. "Rest in Pace" at the top and "Till we meet again" at the bottom.

MAY. But if your husband is no longer living how can he sit for me? Have you a picture of him that I could copy?

MRS. F. (*laughing at the thought*). A picture of Pat. The saints preserve us. Pat would niver sit for no picture. He always said it was bad luck.

MAY. But, madam, how can I make a bas-relief of a man I never saw?

MRS. F. (*impatiently*). Didn't you make thot statoo of Moses down to the Museem?

MAY (*nods*). Why, yes, I did do that some time ago.

MRS. F. An' did you iver see Moses?

MAY (*laughing*). No, I can't say I ever had the pleasure.

MRS. F. (*with sarcasm*). Thin Oi suppose you had a photygraph of him to go by?

MAY (*shakes her head*). No, none whatever.

MRS. F. (*triumphantly*). Thin if ye did Moses who died skillions of years ago, why can't ye do me Pat?

FAN. She's got you this time, May.

MAY (*to MRS. F.*). But this is different. Your friends knew your husband and what he looked like.

MRS. F. (*nods slyly*). Ah, ha, so thot's it, is it? An' jist because poor Moses didn't have no friends, you took advantage of him. I always thought there wuz a lot of hocus-pocus about this here ART business. (*Indig-nantly*) Now, young lady, I'm a-going to show you up. You'll do me husband or Oi'll have ye arristed for an impositor. You kin take your choice. (*Folds arms and stands off to watch the effect of her words*)

FAN (*seats herself and studies the two with interest*). I believe she has a detectivé waiting outside. Better surrender, May.

MAY (*to MRS. F.*). But, my good woman, you don't

understand. I had in my mind an ideal and when I designed my statue of Moses, I simply carried out that ideal.

MRS. F. (*shakes her head grimly*). The Bible says plain out, that you shouldn't make no idols nor any gravy images. I don't see how you folks git around that. (*Turns to FAN*) That's why Oi hesitated about me Pat, just at first, you know. Till Oi saw that O'Connor woman's urn. That sittled it. Gravy images or no gravy images, Oi'll have a bust of Pat. (*Turns to MAY and opens her bag*) How much did you say it would cost?

MAY (*frowning*). I didn't say. In fact, I can't see my way clear to fill your order at all, with absolutely nothing to go by.

MRS. F. (*pats MAY'S shoulder reassuringly*). Now darlint, don't you worry. Oi'll give you the go-bys all right. You follow what Oi till you an' you can't miss Pat.

MAY (*hesitates*). Were you considering bronze or marble?

MRS. F. Whichiver's the most stylish. Oi'm all for style ivery toime. Say, Oi saw a foine figger down to the five an' ten last week that wuz terrible classy. All white stuff. You know the kind.

MAY. But that was only plaster.

MRS. F. It said "Choppin" on it. Oi thought it pretty slick. Wait, Oi'll fetch it here an' you kin jist touch it up a bit. Make the nose bigger, an square off the chin an' put a poipe in his mouth an', begorrah, it will pass for Pat hisself. You wait here. Oi'll be roight back. Oi'll git even with that O'Connor woman yet.

[EXIT D. R.]

MAY (*GOES to door and calls after her*). Wait. Wait a minute. (*A door slams off*)

FAN (*doubles up with laughter*). Oh, May, May. That's the funniest thing I ever heard of. A bust of Chopin from the ten-cent store to be remodelled into Pat.

ENTER HAZEL REID D. R.

HAZEL (*rushes in, all excitement*). Oh, girls, girls, what do you think? The loveliest thing. I'm so happy. I'm so happy. Mrs. Woods is going to give a ball. A real ball and all the big artists are going to be there and Mr. Clemmons, he's that big millionaire from the South, has offered a prize of a thousand dollars for the best interpretation of "Victory." And we are all invited, everybody, every artist, that is, and it's to be in two weeks and— isn't it lovely? Isn't it glorious? And what am I going to wear?

MAY (*her hand on HAZEL'S shoulder*). Wait a minute, Hazel, wait a minute. Now, what on earth are you talking about?

FAN (*as HAZEL gasps for breath*). Put on the brakes, Hazel, and go slowly down hill.

HAZEL. I can't go slowly. (*Dances about studio*) I am wild, simply wild about this. (*Stops abruptly before MAY*) But you haven't answered my question. What am I going to wear?

MAY (*looking puzzled*). To wear? You?

HAZEL (*impatiently*). Yes, yes, to wear. Me. I. Myself. My dear May, wake up. It's to be a ball. A wonderful, glorious ball, and every one is to be in costume. And what am I going to wear?

FAN (*coming forward*). Did you say a prize was to be offered?

HAZEL. Yes, a thousand dollars.

MAY. For the best costume?

HAZEL (*shakes her head emphatically*). No, no, no. For the best interpretation of Victory.

FAN (*shaking her head at MAY*). But we can't all go impersonating "Victory."

HAZEL (*with a sigh*). You don't have to. You *draw*, or *sculpt*, or *paint* your idea of "Victory" and the best design wins the prize.

FAN (*sits near HAZEL and leans forward eagerly*). What form must the design take?

HAZEL. Any form. Any old thing that the title "Victory" can be applied to. But you don't seem to grasp the main, the most important, the most interesting part of it all. This is to be a *costume* party and what am I going to wear?

MAY (to HAZEL). What difference does it make *what* you wear? (To FAN) Oh, Fan, Fan, do you suppose this dream can possibly come true?

HAZEL (*indignantly to FAN*). What difference? She asks what difference does it make *what* I wear. (To MAY, *with a toss of her head*) I suppose it would make no difference to you if I didn't wear anything at all.

FAN (to MAY). She must be mistaken. I'll see Mrs. Woods and find out. (*Door heard slamming off R.*)

HAZEL. You needn't. Here comes Frederika. She was at the meeting. I'll call her. (*GOES to D.R.*) Freddie, in here. We're in here. (To MAY) Now you'll see. (*ENTER FREDERIKA D.R.*) Isn't it fine? Isn't it wonderful? Have you planned your costume? Can you help me out?

FREDDIE (to MAY and FAN). Has Hazel told you? Isn't it perfectly splendid?

FAN (*helping FREDDIE off with her wraps*). We can't make head nor tail out of it. Just one wild jumble of ball, and prize, and Victory, and what is Hazel going to wear? That's the only thing that stands out clearly.

FREDDIE (*taking off her gloves and seating herself*). Give me a cup of tea and I'll tell you all about it, although I'm so excited I don't know whether I can explain or not. It was Mrs. Woods' idea. That woman's an angel. Mr. Clemmons wanted to do something in memory of Frank, his son, you know?

MAY (*who has seated herself at low table and is making tea*). Yes, I remember, he was killed in France.

FREDDIE. That boy would have done something big if he had lived. He had it in him. Well, his father wants to erect a fitting memorial. Something different. Unusual. So Mrs. Woods suggested his offering this prize

for the best interpretation of "Victory." The result to be dedicated to Frank.

MAY (*eagerly*). And can any one—any one at all compete?

FREDDIE (*helping herself to cake*). Any one at all.

HAZEL (*helping herself to the cake FREDDIE has chosen*). But you haven't told them about the ball.

FREDDIE. The ball? Oh, yes, I forgot. It's simply to bring the competitors together. Did they decide to have it a costume affair, Hazel?

HAZEL (*excitedly*). I should say they did. And these girls (*Indicates MAY and FAN as she addresses herself to FREDDIE*) won't help me out a bit and I haven't a single blessed piece of a dress that will do.

ENTER BETTY WILSON *excitedly* D. R.

BETTY. Oh, girls, have you heard the news? (*Catches sight of HAZEL*) Oh, Hazel, you here. (*To girls*) Then of course you know all about everything and have decided what she is to wear.

MAY (*flourishes teapot*). Have some tea?

BETTY (*seats herself and holds out cup*). Yes indeed, I'm simply starving. Pass the cakes, Hazel.

HAZEL. I'm sick of all this nonsense

And the way you do not care:

The nicest thing about a ball

Is the dress you're going to wear.

FAN (*sipping tea*). If somebody doesn't put Hazel out I'll resign.

HAZEL (*sticks out the tip of her tongue at FAN*). Hazel is already put out, very much put out by the indifference of those she once considered her friends.

BETTY. A true friend, Hazel, is one who tells you your faults.

HAZEL (*rises*). Then deliver me from true friends. I know all my faults, thank you, and I don't care to be told about them. (*To FREDDIE*) Are you going to the ball, Frederika?

FREDDIE (*stirs her tea thoughtfully*). Yes, I think so.

HAZEL (*rolls her eyes to ceiling in despair*). She *thinks* so. A real live ball, the first this season, and she *thinks* so. What are you going to wear?

MAY (*to FREDDIE*). But I don't see how we can have anything ready in two weeks. I work quickly, but *two* weeks—that's impossible.

FREDDIE. Mr. Clemmons says that genius is inspiration. He doesn't expect completed work. It's the *idea* he is seeking. A theme, the outline of a story —

BETTY. The *synopsis*, you mean.

FREDDIE (*nods*). That's just what I do mean. He doesn't care what form the inspiration takes or how crude the work is.

FAN. But suppose the creator cannot develop the theme afterwards?

BETTY. Mr. Clemmons will have it developed for him. It is originality he is seeking and he does not believe in wasting time on unimportant details.

HAZEL (*comes forward eagerly*). That's my idea exactly. Here we are wasting valuable time that should be spent planning our costumes.

FAN (*slips up behind HAZEL, pins her arms behind her, ties them securely with her handkerchief and then holds out her hand to MAY*) Your handkerchief, May, just a minute. (*Ties MAY's handkerchief over HAZEL's mouth*) Now, young lady, have you anything to say before the sentence is pronounced? (*Without giving HAZEL time to speak*) No, then you are condemned to wait in here while we adjourn to Frederika's studio just across the hall for a new kind of salad that she has just invented. At the end of ten minutes, if you have sufficiently repented, you may join us. (*FAN leads HAZEL, who is too surprised to object, to D. L., supposedly a closet, and opens door, pushes her in and closes door, locks it and puts key in her pocket*)

FREDDIE (*to FAN*). Who told you about my salad?

FAN (*laughs*). A little bird.

ENTER PEGGY LAWRENCE, RUTH WHEELER, VERA DAVENPORT and ELOISE TAYLOR D. R.

ELOISE (*laughing and taking plate of cakes from MAY*). You mean things. Why didn't you wait for us? I'm simply starving.

RUTH (*taking off her hat*). Hello, everybody. Where's Betty? (*All the girls remove their wraps*)

FAN. Right by the tea table.

PEGGY (*springing upon a chair*). Hear ye, hear ye, all ye good people. A miracle has happened. We are to have a chance. Can you believe it? A real live chance to show what we can do. Mrs. Woods is going to give a ball in her studio.

MAY. Yes, yes, we know all about it. Are you going to compete?

PEGGY. Am I? Just you wait. I am working out the most wonderful theme. This thing has just inspired me. I feel as if I could do anything.

ELOISE. So do I. I know I shan't sleep for a week. All sorts of ideas are just sizzling. I could hardly sit through the show this afternoon.

FREDDIE. Was it a good one?

ELOISE. Fine. I thought the one word act especially clever.

MAY. What on earth do you call a one word act?

RUTH. Haven't you ever seen one? There are just two characters and they have a little play between them, each speaking one word at a time.

BETTY. But I don't understand. You can't have a play with just one word.

PEGGY. Yes you can. It's great. Come on, Ruth, let's show them how it was done.

RUTH (*shaking her head*). I can't. I don't remember how it went.

PEGGY. Yes, you do. Here, I'll be the man. (*Looks about*) Where's my hat? Fine. (*As FAN gives her a rather mannish looking hat one of the girls has worn in*) Now for a coat. This cape will be just the thing.

(*Catches up cape one of the girls has thrown over chair-back*) Got a cane, anybody? (MAY gives her a tightly folded umbrella) Thanks. Come, Ruth, take this fan. (*Gives RUTH fan from table*)

RUTH (*drawing back*). I tell you, Peggy, I don't remember a word of it.

PEGGY. Nonsense, I'll prompt you. Sit here. (*Places chair c. for RUTH. The girls draw back and watch*) Now I enter. (*GOES to D. R., turns, and COMES DOWN. Catches sight of RUTH seated c. and starts. RUTH rises*) You?

RUTH (*clutches chair-back*). George.

PEGGY (*looks over shoulder anxiously*). Alone?

RUTH (*hangs her head*). Yes.

PEGGY (*looks at RUTH curiously*). Why?

RUTH (*looks up, shrugs her shoulders, smiles*). Luck.

PEGGY (*seats herself*). Fine. (*Sighs*)

RUTH (*seats herself*). Tired?

PEGGY (*shakes head*). No.

RUTH (*smiles*). Bored?

PEGGY (*laughs*). Hardly.

RUTH (*roguishly*). Stupid?

PEGGY (*nods*). Very.

RUTH (*holds out tray*). Smoke?

PEGGY (*pretends to light cigar*). Thanks.

RUTH (*as PEGGY leans back and pretends to puff cigar*). Mother?

PEGGY (*folds arms*). Fine.

RUTH. Good.

PEGGY (*leans forward and glares at RUTH*). Frank?

RUTH (*toys with fan*). Fine.

PEGGY (*frowns*). France?

RUTH (*shakes head*). No. (*Drops fan*)

PEGGY (*scowls*). Home?

RUTH (*nods*). Yes. (*Looks about as if in search of something*)

PEGGY. Handkerchief? (*Helps her look*)

RUTH. Fan.

PEGGY (*picks up fan that RUTH has dropped*). Here.

RUTH (*takes fan from PEGGY*). Thanks. (PEGGY *takes RUTH'S hand and studies it. With raised eyebrows*) Why?

PEGGY (*taps her third finger*). Ring?

RUTH (*withdraws hand abruptly and shakes head*). No.

PEGGY. Soon?

RUTH (*emphatically*). No.

PEGGY (*throws herself at RUTH'S feet*). Dearest.

RUTH (*draws back*). No.

PEGGY (*takes RUTH'S hand*). Dear.

RUTH (*withdraws her hand and rises*). No.

PEGGY (*clutches RUTH'S dress*). Molly.

RUTH (*with dignity*). Miss——

PEGGY (*springs to feet*). Never.

RUTH. Miss.

PEGGY (*surprised*). Why?

RUTH (*looks over shoulder and speaks in loud whisper*). Papa.

PEGGY (*clutches umbrella fiercely*). Brute.

RUTH (*pleads, her hand on PEGGY'S arm*). Don't.

PEGGY (*draws cape about her*). Farewell.

RUTH (*starts, surprised*). No.

PEGGY (*firmly*). Yes.

RUTH. Why?

PEGGY. Duty.

RUTH. Duty?

PEGGY (*firmly*). Duty.

RUTH (*snaps fingers*). Poof.

PEGGY. Honor.

RUTH. Whose?

PEGGY. Yours.

RUTH (*surprised*). Mine?

PEGGY (*fingering umbrella*). Frank's.

RUTH (*frowns*). Frank's.

PEGGY. Frank——

RUTH. Yes?

PEGGY. Loves——

RUTH. Loves?

PEGGY. You. (*Turns, stalks DOWN*)

RUTH (*follows PEGGY and places her hand on her arm*). Frank —

PEGGY (*sighs*). Yes —

RUTH. Loves —

PEGGY (*draws a bigger sigh*). Yes.

RUTH. Another.

PEGGY (*starts*). What?

RUTH (*points finger at PEGGY*). Goose.

PEGGY (*clasps RUTH in her arms*). Angel.

RUTH (*her head on PEGGY's shoulder*). Dearest.

PEGGY (*clasps her closer*). Darling. (*Both turn, face audience and bow to R. and L. and pretend to draw curtain. All girls applaud as PEGGY and RUTH take seats*)

VERA DAVENPORT. That was clever, but I liked the monologue best.

MAY. Did they have a monologue too? What was it about? Tell us, Vera, that's a duck!

VERA. I don't remember it all, but it went something like this. (*Takes c. and girls group themselves in background*) I am Delphine going to the Movies. I am to meet my friend there at half-past two and it is now after three. (*Waves hand in greeting*) Oh, dearie, there you are. I just *couldn't* remember whether you said two or three, so I thought I'd better be on the safe side. It makes me so nervous to wait for any one. (*Her hand in her bag*) No, no, my dear. I *insist*. This is to be *my* treat. Oh, of course, if you have the change right there I shan't make a fuss. I think it's so foolish to argue about trifles like the Movies, and sodas and carfare, I just give in every time. Why, the idea. The place is jammed. Who'd have thought there were so many idle people in the world? Especially men. There's an empty seat right on the aisle. (*Starts to sit down, rises and turns as if to some one beside her*) I beg your pardon. I didn't see your hat. (*To friend*) One seat down front? No, no, I won't at all. I'll wait until we can be together. Are you sure you don't mind? Well, of

course if it would make *you* feel better satisfied. It does wear me to a frazzle to stand. Perhaps you can find one after this picture. (*Pretends to squeeze past a line of people*) I beg your pardon. Oh, excuse me, was that your foot? I thought it was your bag. I'm sorry. (*Looks over shoulder and frowns*) Just a second, please. I simply must take my coat off before I sit down. Your little boy will have to have patience. Children are so badly trained these days. (*Leans forward and pretends to tap some one on the shoulder*) Would you mind taking off your hat? Your hair. Why, the idea! (*Looks over shoulder*) My hat? Why, it's so small it couldn't possibly bother any one. What? I *must*. Oh, bother. (*Pretends to remove hat*) There, I know I look a fright. (*Yawns*) News Events. How tiresome. Thought I'd skipped them. Strange custom kissing on both cheeks. If you don't like a man I should think one cheek would be enough and if you do like him why the cheek? Oh, dear, I do hope they're not going to play the "Star Spangled" just as I've gotten comfortably settled. (*Looks about desperately*) There, I've dropped it. (*Excitedly to some one ahead*) Would you mind getting up and looking under your chair? I'm sure it rolled down. Will you ask that man in front of you to look under his? There, I saw that woman two seats ahead stoop down and pick up something. (*Waves and calls*) Usher, usher, here. Would you mind asking that woman if she picked up a purse? Yes, the woman with the wart on her nose. She didn't? Well, of course she'd say that. In my hand? (*Looks down at hand and holds up purse*) How funny! There's nothing in it but my powder box, but I'd hate to lose that. (*Suddenly becoming interested in picture*) How nice! fashion pictures! So glad I came. Such an interesting bill. I'm going to have my new crepe meteor made just that way. (*Indignantly*) The idea. Coming in late and standing right in front of me at the most exciting part. (*Tries in vain to look first one side and then the other*) People should be made to wait until the end of a picture

(*Leans forward and pretends to tap person ahead of her*) Madam, madam, will you please be seated? What? You are seated? Why, the idea! How some people sit up when they sit down. (*To person next her*) Beg pardon, but have you the time? (*Rises*) Oh, my dear, I really can't stay another minute. I just ran in to see those fashion models anyway. No, no, you really mustn't leave because I do. You told me you were wild to see this picture. Yes, I know it's wonderful, but I promised Fred I'd be home early for dinner and I've simply got to have my nails manicured and the girls are so snippy if you come in when they're closing. So glad to have had this nice little chat with you. Wish I had time to ask you about the kiddies. Did I tell you Fido had been ill? Oh, my dear, such a time. And the neighbors complained so just because he barked. The idea. Why, dogs are made that way. Doesn't the Bible say: "Let dogs delight to bark and bite"? I had to sit up all one night and hold his paw just to keep him quiet. Why, the idea! There's Marjorie White with her new car. (*Waves*) Marjorie, Marjorie. Why, the idea, I *know* she saw me and drove right past. How selfish people with ears can be. Now for the Subway.

ENTER JEAN WEBSTER D. R.

JEAN. The idea of you all calmly sitting here when the most wonderful thing has happened. Mrs. Woods —

MAY (*starting up*). The next person who enters that door (*Points off R.*) and tells us about Mrs. Woods' ball is not going to escape alive.

JEAN (*to MAY*). But just think, we are going to have a chance to show what we can do. This isn't an ordinary ball. There is a prize offered for —

MAY (*rolling up her sleeves*). Go on, go on, but I hope you are prepared to die when you have finished telling us the news.

FREDDIE (*starting toward D. R.*). I thought you were all coming to my studio for salad.

JEAN. No, they are coming to mine. The trunks arrived to-day. Three big ones packed jammed full of the most gorgeous costumes. Dad picks them up here and there on his travels and sends them when they are full for my studio work. If you need anything for the ball now's your chance.

RUTH (*throwing her arms around JEAN*). Jean, you're an angel and your father's a saint.

FAN (*starts toward D. R.*). Come, girls, this sounds too good to be true.

MAY (*to PEGGY*). Do you suppose she means it?

PEGGY. Of course she does. Jean would lend her head if any one wished to borrow it and her father has a check-book that reaches from here to kingdom come.

MAY (*to FAN as girls EXEUNT D. R.*). Won't Hazel be wild when she hears about this?

FAN (*stops short in dismay*). Hazel! My stars, I forgot all about her! She'll be dead. (*GOES to D. L.*)

MAY. She'll be perfectly furious!

FAN. Well, this time I shouldn't blame her! (*Unlocks door and calls*) Hazel! (*Looks into closet then turns in dismay to MAY*) Why, she's gone.

MAY (*looks into closet then turns to FAN*). I wondered at her being so quiet. How do you suppose she got out?

FAN. The transom's open and Hazel can climb like a kitten. (*Looking troubled*) I'm awfully sorry. I'm afraid she will be very angry. I wonder where she's gone?

MAY (*her arm about FAN*). Don't worry, Fan, Hazel's not very far. Besides, she knew you were only in fun.

FAN (*shakes her head*). I'm not so sure. Perhaps I'd better look for her.

MAY. Nonsense! You're coming with me to see those costumes before all the best ones are chosen.

FAN. Let me leave a note of explanation for her in case she returns.

MAY. No, you can do your explaining later. Come, hurry up.

[EXEUNT MAY and FAN D. R.]

ENTER HAZEL and GRACE FOSTER D. L.

GRACE. Hazel, what nonsense.

HAZEL (*furiously*). That's all right, call it nonsense, call it anything you like, but I'm going to get even with her, see if I don't.

GRACE. What are you going to do?

HAZEL. Never mind what I'm going to do. You'll find out fast enough when the time comes.

GRACE (*troubled*). I wish you wouldn't talk like that, Hazel, it makes me feel uncomfortable.

HAZEL (*angrily*). Maybe you think I felt comfortable shut up in there (*Points to closet L.*) for hours.

GRACE (*smiles*). Not quite hours, Hazel.

HAZEL. Well, it seemed hours to me. If it hadn't been for you I'd be there yet, and just because I asked what I should wear at Mrs. Woods' ball. The idea.

GRACE. Well, what *are* you going to wear?

HAZEL. I don't know. That's what's troubling me. I don't know.

GRACE. How much money have you?

HAZEL. Not a cent. Not a single red cent. My check hasn't come from home this month and I'm down and out.

GRACE (*thoughtfully*). I wish I could help you, but I spent my last dollar yesterday.

HAZEL (*nods*). That's the worst of this art business. When you're down and out everybody else is in the same boat. There isn't two dollars in this whole house— (*Slowly looks at blue vase*) except —

GRACE (*quickly*). Except what?

HAZEL (*takes down vase*). The blue vase.

GRACE (*tries to take vase from HAZEL*). Hazel, you mustn't touch that.

HAZEL (*keeps vase out of GRACE'S reach*). Why not? I just guess I put my savings in there, too.

GRACE. But that's for Betty's typewriter. You know Fan has set her heart on getting one for her.

HAZEL. Fan's dippy about Betty. Why should we all serimp and save just to buy her a typewriter?

GRACE. Because no editor will read a thing to-day unless it has been typed. You know that.

HAZEL. Of course I know it but I don't see any one breaking their necks trying to buy *me* one.

GRACE. Fan says Betty is a genius.

HAZEL (*tossing her head*). Well, I'm not saying anything against Betty, but did you read my last poem?

GRACE (*surprised*). Yours? I didn't know you wrote poetry.

HAZEL. I didn't know it myself until last week. I found it out quite by accident. The way most great discoveries are made. (*Sits herself and leans forward eagerly*) Grace, if I tell you something, don't you breathe a word of it to a living soul. Promise?

GRACE (*draws a chair up opposite HAZEL excitedly*). Sure.

HAZEL (*leans back*). Writing poetry is as easy as pie.

GRACE (*smiles*). Well, I can't *quite* believe that.

HAZEL. Poetry is the simplest thing in the world. I'll show you exactly how it is done. (*GOES to easel and takes up bit of charcoal*) Say you want to write a poem on—well—"Spring," for instance. You get a lot of words that rhyme like—ring, sing, bring, fling, and then you string them together like this: (*Writes*)

All the wedding bells now—ring—
While the merry birds do—sing—
All the world its—

(*Hesitates, shrugs her shoulders*)

something bring—
Just to greet the lovely—spring.

See how it works? You can go back and fill in the hard words afterwards.

GRACE (*studies the words written upon easel*). But I thought there was more to poetry than that.

HAZEL (*nods wisely*). There isn't. Not a single solitary thing.

GRACE. But Betty's poetry sounds different.

HAZEL. Just because she's been at it longer. She's had more practice. But I can't see that's any reason why she should have a typewriter given to her any more than to the rest of us. And, by George, it would serve Fan just right if we should draw our money out now. It would just serve her right.

GRACE (*her arm about HAZEL*). Hazel, you are not going to do any such thing. You are coming to my room to have supper with me and you are going to forget all about this nonsense.

HAZEL. I'll go to your room for supper as long as you are so urgent, but I've forgiven Fan enough times. Now I am going to pay her back and I've thought of the very best way.

GRACE (*leading HAZEL off D. R.*). Forget it, Hazel, forget it. [EXEUNT HAZEL and GRACE D. R.]

ENTER VICTORIA and LAURA D. L.

LAURA (*looks in cautiously first and finding the studio empty, drags in VICTORIA, a bright little pickaninny, who looks frightened and about to cry*). Come along in here, you Vickey. Come along in. I'se gwine to sculp you dis time shore as you're a-libbin.

VICKEY (*trying to pull away from LAURA'S restraining hand*). But I don't want to be scalped, Laura, clar ter goodness I don't.

LAURA (*letting go of VICKEY'S arm in amazement*). Fo' der lan' sake, chile, is you plumb crazy? I didn't say scalp. I said sculp. S-K-U-L-L-P-P—Skulp.

VICKEY (*shakes her head vigorously*). I don't see no difference atween dem words. Day sounds jist alike ter me an' I don't like der sound.

LAURA (*looks at VICKEY in disgust*). Dat's cose

you're so ignrunt. Scalp means fur ter take all der hair offen you haid like dis here. (*Makes the motion of scalping*) An' sculp—sculp—well, sculp is—is jus' to sort ob take yer skin.

VICKEY (*starts with determination toward the door*). Dat's nuff. Dat show am nuff fer me. I'se goin' home. I ain't a-goin' ter be skalpt nor sculpt nor nuffin. I'se goin' home.

LAURA (*catches VICKEY's arm hastily*). But, Vickey, wait—wait jus' a minute. Dis sculpin I'se a-gwine ter do ter you won't hurt yer none.

VICKEY (*slipping away from LAURA*). I'se a-goin' home, I tell yer, Laura. My mammy wants me.

LAURA (*indignantly*). Yo mammy don't want you 'tall. I done tol' her I'se a-gwine ter take you wif me dis afternoon an' I'se a-gwine ter do it.

VICKEY. I'se a-gwine home. I want my mammy.

LAURA (*patting her pocket and smacking her lips*). Umm. You don't know what I'se got in my pocket.

VICKEY (*rubbing her eyes and sniffing*). I want my mammy.

LAURA (*pretends to peep into pocket*). Umm—it shoo am good. (*Holds out pocket to VICKEY*) Want ter feel?

VICKEY (*pushes LAURA away*). I want my mammy.

LAURA (*stamps her foot impatiently*). Stop dat cryin', Victoria Johnsing, an' listen to me. You can't git out of dat air do' (*Points off D. R.*) cose it's locked an' I done frew der key outer der winder. You jist naturally got ter wait till der young ladies come home.

VICKEY (*kicking with both feet and jumping up and down in fury*). I want my mammy, I want my mammy. (*Screams*) I want my mammy.

LAURA (*catching VICKEY by the arm and shaking her*). If you don't quit dat screachin' a great big goblin will come plum up fru dis year floor an' eat you up quicker dan you kin wink.

VICKEY. I want my mammy. I want my mammy.

LAURA (*knocks slyly upon the back of the chair, then*

stops and listens. Bends down as if listening to sound from floor). Hear dat? You hear dat noise. Dat's him. (*Calls*) Go 'way, Mr. Hobgoblin. Dere don't nobody lib here no mo'. (*Listens, then nods*) Dere now, he's gone. He don't nebber come less somebody cries. Now you be a good chile or I'll call him back an' maybe nex' time he won't go 'way so easy. Now git up on dat chair quick. I'se a-gwine ter make you into a statuette.

VICKEY (*draws back reluctantly*). But I—I don't want ter be no statue wet, Laura, clar ter goodness I don't.

LAURA (*her hands on her hips*). Fo' der lan' sake, Vickey Johnsing, what's got into you anyway? Didn't I done buy you a nice cream comb fer ter pay you fur dis? An' didn't you done eat it? You think I'se a-spendin' my money on you fur nuffin'?

VICKEY. I know my mammy won't want fur me ter be no statue wet.

LAURA (*raps on table*). You want me ter call dat air goblin up from der floor?

VICKEY (*starts toward door*). Let me git Beekey? Beekey will be tickled ter def ter be a statue wet. Her mammy lets her play in der wash-tub.

LAURA (*in disgust*). Beekey? Why, Beekey won't do 'tall. Didn't you hear Miss Hazel tell Miss May dat dere wuz a prize fur der bes' statue ob Victory? An' ain't you 'name Victory? Beekey's jist Beekey. Dere ain't no prize fur her.

VICKEY (*looks about studio*). I ain't nebber seed no black statue. Dey's all time made ob white stuff. (*Points to plaster casts*)

LAURA (*looks about thoughtfully*). Dat's so. P'r'aps I'd better dip you in der flour barrel furst.

VICKEY (*backs away*). No, ma'am. I done floured my hair onet an' mammy most peeled me a-gittin' of it off. No, ma'am. I'se black an' black I stays or I don't git took at all.

LAURA (*points to bronze statue*). Dar's one over yon-

der an' dar's another. We kin make you black, Vickey, so git up on dis year chair afore it gits too late.

VICKEY (*climbs reluctantly upon chair*). How cum I stand on dis year ehair? I ain't nebber seed no statue wot has ter stan' on no chair.

LAURA (*gathers up draperies from room and drapes them about VICKY and chair, talking as she does so*). Der ehair gits all eubbered up an' you gits eubbered up so you don't look like yo'self no mo', but jist like a statue, dis here way. Now you stan' on der tip ob one toe wif der other foot a-stiekin' out a-hind you, dis a-way, an' you hol' dis fo' a wreath like you wuz an angel wif a crown ob glory. Dare. (*Having posed VICKY to her satisfaction*) Now you stand dat a-way an' don't yer budge till I make you statue.

VICKEY (*swaying*). But I can't keep dis a-way, Laura, my foot's a-gwine ter sleep.

LAURA (*catches up lump of clay*). Let her go an' don't you wake her. Der sounder dat foot sleeps der better I likes it.

VICKEY (*drops her pose*). Dar's some one a-comin', Laura, I hear somebody a-comin'.

LAURA (*posing VICKY again impatiently*). Dar ain't not. If you budge agin, Vickey Johnsing, I'll—I'll—well, jes' you budge an' you'll see what'll happen.

VICKEY (*jumps from chair and clasps LAURA about the skirts*). It's dat goblin. Lawzee, Laura, it's dat goblin come back.

LAURA (*as the sound of footsteps and voices are heard off*). Hide, Vickey, quick, in here, and don't breave. [EXEUNT LAURA and VICKY D. L.]

ENTER HAZEL D. R. *She stands C. a second hesitating, then takes down the blue vase and deliberately transfers the money it contains into the hand-bag she carries. Leaves the blue vase upon the table and*
EXITS D. R.

REENTER LAURA and VICKY D. L., *slowly and timidly.*

LAURA (*grows bolder as she steps into room and finds*

nobody there). Wot did I tell you, scare-cat? Dere ain't nobody here 'tall.

VICKEY (*looks about sharply and spies the blue vase*). Dere wuz somebody here. How cum dat vase walk offen dat air shelf an' sot hisself up on dat air table?

LAURA (*takes up vase and looks at it with interest*). Dis here vase? Dis here vase has been a-sotten on dis yere table all 'long.

VICKEY (*shakes her head emphatically*). Um-um—no deedy. Dat air vase is haunted an' I heard der haunt.

ENTER JOSIE MURRAY and NANETTE LYLE D. R.

JOSIE (*over her shoulder to NANETTE, who follows her*). This way, Nanette. (*Turns, sees LAURA*) Why, Laura, what are you doing here?

LAURA (*starting*). Lawzee, Miss Jo, you done skeered me most ter deaf.

NANETTE (*taking off her wraps*). Where is Miss May, Laura?

Jo (*looks about*). And Miss Frances?

LAURA (*nervously*). I—I—done know. Dey—dey ain't here.

NANETTE. So I perceive.

Jo. But where are they?

LAURA. I—I think dey—dey's done gorn out.

Jo. Really? You don't say so? And what makes you think they's done gorn out?

LAURA (*twisting a corner of her apron*). I—I dunno. I—I jes' concluded it.

NANETTE. And what time do you conclude that they'll be back?

LAURA (*quickly*). Dey ain't no tell. Wen dey goes out dey's the out-an-outenest folks eber seed.

NANETTE (*looks from LAURA to VICKEY*). And what are you and your friend doing here?

LAURA (*points in surprise to VICKEY*). Her? She ain't no frien' ob mine. She's jes' Vickey.

Jo. You and Vickey look as if there were mischief brewing.

NANETTE. Does Miss May allow you two the use of her studio in her absence?

LAURA (*puzzled*). Huh?

JO. She means, Laura, does Miss May allow you in here when she's not home?

LAURA. Miss May? Oh, yes, indeedy. She don't care. She's powerful easy. It's Miss Fan I'se skeered on. She'd raise der roof.

JO. Indeed? Then why are you here?

LAURA (*nervously*). Well, me, me an' Vickey, we sort ob circumnabigatin' roun' an'—an'—an'——

JO (*points to LAURA'S hand*). What's that in your hand, Laura?

LAURA (*looks at clay in her hand in well-feigned surprise*). My han'? Dat? Oh, dat's jes' some putty. Our winder he rattles something fierce an'—an' granmam she said if she had some putty she could fix it. So—so—I wuz jist a-gwine ter ax Miss May if she'd gib me some ob dis yere when—when you-all comes in.

ENTER FAN D. R.

FAN (*surprised to see girls*). Why, Josie, how long have you been here, and Nanette, too?

JO. We ran in to tell you a bit of news, but I see we're rather late.

FAN. Not at all. We're in Jean's studio. Her father has just sent her the most wonderful trunk full of costumes. She is going to help us all out for the ball.

NANETTE (*eagerly*). Do you suppose she has anything I could wear?

FAN. I'm sure of it. I just ran back to see if Hazel had come in. There's one dress that she'll be simply wild over. Have you seen her anywhere?

JO. Hazel? Why, yes, we met her as we were coming in, but she seemed to be in a great hurry about something and ran right past us. But you haven't asked about my piece of news. Aren't you interested?

FAN. You mean the prize offered by Mr. Clemmons?

Jo. No, it's about Betty's typewriter. I've sold my magazine cover and now we can get the typewriter in time for her birthday.

FAN. Jo, how perfectly lovely. Just wait until I call May. [EXIT FAN D. R.]

NANETTE (to Jo). Jo, you didn't tell me you had sold your design.

Jo. I wanted to wait until I could get the girls together. See, here's my check. Isn't it lovely? (Both girls bend over check)

ENTER FAN and MAY D. R.

MAY. What's this I hear? Your magazine cover sold, Jo? Really sold?

Jo (holds check aloft). Sold and, what's more, paid for. Cash down.

MAY (sinks into chair in pretended collapse). Some water quick. I'm going to faint.

Jo. Half goes home. Five dollars goes for a spread for the girls and the rest goes —

FAN. Into the blue vase.

NANETTE. Into what?

FAN. The blue vase. May and I have used that for our bank ever since I smashed the green teapot.

Jo (takes up vase from table). You don't mean—this?

FAN (takes vase from Jo and looks inside). Yes. Why—why—where is it? (Looks up in surprise at girls)

NANETTE (takes vase from FAN). Where's what?

FAN. The money. It was there. In the vase.

Jo. Are you sure?

FAN. Perfectly sure. May and I counted it only this morning.

NANETTE. Where did you keep the vase?

MAY (points to shelf). On that shelf. Over there.

NANETTE (turns to LAURA, who has been standing

close by VICKEY *silently looking on*). When we came in Laura was standing by this table with that vase in her hand.

FAN (*turns and sees LAURA for the first time*). Laura? Laura?

LAURA (*nervously*). Deed, Miss Fan, I nebber tched dat vase. Clar ter goodness I didn't.

NANETTE. Why, Laura, you had that vase in your hand when we came in.

LAURA. But it didn't hab nuffin in it. You kin ax Vickey. (*Turns suddenly to VICKEY, who has been standing open-mouthed*) Look a-here, you Vickey, wot for you a-standin' thar wif yer mouth open an' nuffin in it but yer finger? Speak up an' tell 'em we nebber tetched nuffin outer dat vase.

VICKEY. We?

LAURA (*shaking her slightly*). Yes, we. You an' me. Didn't you hear 'em accusin' us?

VICKEY (*shakes her head vigorously*). Um-um. I nebber heared nuffin 'bout "We."

FAN (*brushing LAURA aside*). Wait a minute, Laura, I'll speak to Vickey. Now, Vickey, come here to me. (*VICKEY goes a step nearer*) What were you and Laura doing in this studio?

VICKEY (*on the verge of tears*). Laura, Laura, she—she said she wuz gwine ter scalp me an'—an' I said my mammy would be roarin' mad an'—an' she locked der door an' frowed der key outer der winder an'—an' she said if I didn't be no statue wet der goblin would git me cose my name's "Victry," an' der statue got ter be Victry. An'—an'—we heared somebody comin' an' we hide in dar. (*Points U. L.*) An' when we wuz outer der room dat air vase walked plum offer der shelf an' onder dis yere table, an' I sez it's a haunt an' I'se gwine home. (*Starts toward D. R.*)

MAY (*stands before D. R. to stop VICKEY*). You'll stay right where you are, my lady, till we get to the bottom of this.

VICKEY (*whining*). But my mammy's a-lookin' fur

me, Miss May. If—if I don't hurry she—she'll gib me "Hail Columbia." (Sobs)

FAN (to LAURA). Did any one come into the studio while you were here, Laura?

LAURA (shakes her head). No, ma'am, nary a soul.

VICKEY (between her sobs). Nobody but der haunt.

MAY (impatiently). What *haunt* are you talking about, Vickey?

VICKEY. Der haunt wot tuk dat air vase offer dat air shelf an' sot it up on dat air table.

FAN. What nonsense. Did you see the haunt, Vickey?

VICKEY. No, but I heard it mighty plain.

MAY (to Jo). Was there any one in the studio or hall when you came in, Jo, except these two? (Indicates LAURA and VICKEY)

Jo. There seemed to be no one in the whole building but Hazel.

FAN. Hazel? Did you say Hazel?

Jo. Yes. She passed us down-stairs.

FAN. Did you stop to speak to her?

Jo. No, we called but she seemed in great haste about something.

NANETTE. Grace was waiting outside and I heard Hazel say something to her about getting even with somebody, but I didn't catch the name.

FAN (to VICKEY). Did Miss Hazel come into the studio, Vickey?

VICKEY. Didn't I done tol' yer? Thar didn't nobody come into dis year studio but der haunt.

FAN. Do you know Miss Hazel when you see her?

MAY (indignantly). Fan, what are you trying to get at? Surely you don't think that Hazel would touch that money?

FAN (thoughtfully). I know she was pretty angry and if she thought she could get even with me by teasing this way she might —

MAY (interrupting). Nonsense. Hazel wanted Betty to have that typewriter as much as we did. Hazel speaks

quickly and sputters when she is provoked, but she has a heart as big as a house and she wouldn't stand in Betty's way for a minute.

FAN. But somebody's walked off with the contents of the blue vase.

ENTER PEGGY D. R., *who stands in doorway and calls.*

PEGGY. Aren't you girls ever coming? Frederika has arranged the tableaux and she wants your opinion.

FAN (*to PEGGY*). Just a minute, Peggy. (*To girls*) Listen, girls, not a word of this to a soul to-night. It's a very serious matter and we must not make any mistake. [EXIT PEGGY D. R.]

VICKEY. Kin I go home?

MAY. No, you cannot. Don't you budge from that spot until I give you permission.

VICKEY (*with a toss of her head*). Hum. I budge when I pleases. I don't ax no mission from nobody.

ENTER MISS WOODS D. R., *remains at door.*

MISS WOODS. Girls, you were all so quiet I thought no one was at home.

FAN. Miss Woods, how nice; come right in, won't you?

MISS WOODS (*taking the chair FAN offers her*). Have you heard about the prize Mr. Clemmons has offered?

MAY. Yes, isn't it wonderful! The girls are simply wild about it.

MISS WOODS. I'm not surprised, but mother is so afraid that they will lose their heads and not do themselves justice. She wants them to exhibit their very best work. I wonder if you will let me help you make your selections?

FAN. That would be fine. We'll have a rehearsal and you tell us exactly what you think. Here, Vickey, you run down to Miss Frederika's room and tell her Miss Woods is here and wants to see everybody.

VICKEY (*stubbornly*). Um-um. No deedy. Miss

May done tol' me not to budge an' I ain't a-budgin'. You'll have ter ax Laura.

LAURA. I'll go, Miss Fan, Vickey's dat contrary. Ebbery time you tell her don't do, she up an' does and when you tell her do do she don't. Dat's Vickey.

[EXIT LAURA D. R.]

MISS WOODS. What is your idea of Victory, May?

MAY. My idea of Victory? Oh, so many thoughts come crowding that it almost overwhelms me. Sometimes I seem to see just a girl in the costume of a Red Cross Nurse in the midst of a group of little children.

NOTE.—*If possible it is very effective here if a curtain could be drawn across the back of the stage, the tableau described grouped back of it, and then the curtain lifted for a few seconds to show each picture. The tableaux make an attractive addition to the play but they are not essential. A Victory march, violin solo, poem, dance or song could also be introduced here if desired.*

MISS WOODS. What is your idea, Fan?

FAN. I see a wonderful group with uplifted banners and inspired eyes that look far into the future.

NANETTE. I see a single figure draped in flowing white. She holds aloft a wreath in one hand and in her other there is a sheathed sword.

ENTER HAZEL D. R. *She carries a typewriter which she places at FAN'S feet.*

HAZEL (*rubbing her arm as if relieved of a great weight*). Here's your old typewriter. Now I hope you're satisfied.

FAN (*surprised, looking from typewriter to HAZEL'S flushed face*). Hazel, where on earth did this come from? What is it anyway?

HAZEL (*impatiently*). It's the typewriter. Can't you see it's a typewriter? My dear Fan, don't look so

stupid. What have we all been saving up for? Betty's typewriter. There it is.

FAN. But we can't keep it. It will have to go back. Some one has emptied the blue vase and the money's gone.

HAZEL. Of course it's gone. I took it.

FAN. You? Why?

HAZEL. My check came this evening unexpectedly. It was just enough with what we had saved to buy the machine. I ran in to tell you about our good luck but no one was here and I didn't dare wait because—well—(*Smiling*) because I was afraid that check might turn over night into a costume to wear at a certain ball and—well—when it comes to the point, I don't really have to go to that ball. The world wouldn't come to an end if I did stay home.

FAN (*holding out her hand*). Hazel, you're a brick. (*To Miss Woods*) Do you know what she has done, Miss Woods? We were all saving up to buy a typewriter for Betty. She writes wonderfully, but no editor will read a thing these days unless it's typed. Our Hazel here has been just wild for a new costume ever since she heard about the ball, but to-night when her check came instead of spending it for herself she marched right out and bought this typewriter for Betty. What do you think of that?

MISS WOODS. I think Hazel has shown us a fair sample of what the word *Victory* can really mean.

CURTAIN

NEW PLAYS

BASHFUL MR. BOBBS

PRICE 25 CENTS

A Farce-comedy in 3 acts, by Walter Ben Hare. 4 males, 7 females. 1 interior. Time, 2½ hours. The Bashful Mr. Bobbs, has to shoulder the blame for his cousin's (Marston Bobbs) escapades. Introduces an excellent comedy rube character, a comical country landlady, a movie actress, her French maid and other well contrasted characters. The dialogue is bright and snappy.

WHOSE WIDOW?

PRICE 25 CENTS

A comedy in 1 act, by H. C. Clifford. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Plays 50 minutes. Marcella, a young Western girl, arrives at her aunt's wearing a widow's gown, much to everyone's surprise. She assumes the name of Mrs. Loney and is soon made acquainted with persons of that name, presumably relatives of her alleged husband. After many comical incidents Marcella finds her match. Recommended for schools.

REGULAR GIRLS

PRICE 25 CENTS

A patriotic musical entertainment in 1 scene, by M. O. Wallace, for 7 principal girls and as many Sailor Boys (girls), Military Girls, Band Girls as are available. Time, about 1 hour. Gives broad scope for vocal and instrumental talent.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. AMERICAN

PRICE 25 CENTS

A patriotic comedy in 1 act, by D. D. Calhoun, for 15 or 13 girls. 1 interior. Time, 1½ hours. Tells how the girls of a fashionable school do work for "the Cause." Introduces country girl, an Irish detective and six scholars of individual character types. Recommended for schools.

PHARAOH'S KNOB

PRICE 25 CENTS

A comedy in 1 act, by E. J. Craine. 1 male, 12 females. 1 interior. Time, 1 hour. Lieut. Kingston in love with Elizabeth is repulsed by her mother who does not approve of penniless soldiers. He finds an iridescent knob and through its supposed charm he is successful in his suit.

ALICE'S BLIGHTED PROFESSION

PRICE 25 CENTS

A sketch in 1 act, by H. C. Clifford, for 6 or 8 girls. 1 interior. Time, about 50 minutes. Alice, a clientless young lawyer seeking a stenographer, has several applicants but none gives satisfaction. It eventually develops that all the applicants were disguised school friends of Alice's and adopted this method to induce her to give up the profession. Recommended for schools.

MADAME G. WHILIKENS' BEAUTY PARLOR

PRICE 25 CENTS

An entertainment in 2 acts, by V. G. Brown, for 12 or less female characters. 1 interior. Time, if played straight, about 50 minutes. Introducing among others, French, Irish, colored, rube characters, two sales-ladies, all strongly contrasted, thus giving scope for individuality.

HUSBAND ON SALARY, A

PRICE 25 CENTS

A farce in 3 acts, by J. H. Slater. 3 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Time, 2 hours. Alice Morley who was disappointed in love is determined to revenge herself upon the male sex. How it works out is cleverly told in this bright farce. Full of action.

COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 4 acts, by H. C. Dale. 7 males, 4 females. Easily staged. Time, 2 hours. Recommended to dramatic clubs in want of something with good comedy feature and forceful but not too heavy straight business.

THE LAST CHANCE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 2 acts, by A. E. Bailey. 2 males, 12 females. 1 interior. Time, 1½ hours. Full of action, bright and witty dialogue, incidentally introducing a burlesque on "Lord Ullin's Daughter." For schools and colleges.

A LEGAL PUZZLE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Farce comedy in 3 acts, by W. A. Tremayne. 7 males, 5 females. 3 interiors. Time, 2½ hours. This play can be highly recommended, the scenes are easy, the dialogue brisk and snappy, and the action rapid.

LODGERS TAKEN IN

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by L. C. Tees. 6 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Time, 2¼ hours. A husband with a strong case of the "green-eyed monster" taking a trip abroad, places his home in charge of a ne'er-do-well nephew. The nephew rents the rooms to tenants, whose diversified characters present great opportunity for comedy acting. This is adapted from the same work upon which Wm. Gillette's famous "All the Comforts of Home" is based.

MISTRESS OF ST. IVES

PRICE 25 CENTS

Drama of the new South in 3 acts, by G. V. May. 7 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Time, 2½ hours. The cast has a typical southern planter of older times, his two daughters, a peppery southern major, a lawyer from the North, a comical colored valet, etc., etc.

NEVER AGAIN

PRICE 25 CENTS

Farce in 3 acts, by A. E. Wills. 7 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Time, 2¼ hours. Fletcher, a crabbed husband, refuses a reference to Dora, a discharged maid. In Marie, the new maid, he discovers an attractive dancer to whom he had been very attentive at a recent ball; the schemes devised by the two maids to punish Fletcher lead to many amusing complications and to an unusual climax.

PETER PIPER'S TROUBLES

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 4 acts, by J. H. Slater. 5 males, 3 females. 2 interiors. Time, 2¼ hours. The troubles are caused largely by his desire to oblige his friends and are of a social, financial and business variety, all of which are finally overcome.

PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by F. H. Bernard. 6 males, 9 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Time, 2 hours. Phyllis, Philip's wife, is to inherit a fortune from an East Indian uncle, provided she marries his adopted son, who is about to visit her. Two men call with introductory letters, which she does not read, supposing each in turn to be the adopted son.

A RUNAWAY COUPLE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Farce in 2 acts, by W. A. Tremayne. 4 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Time, 2 hours. A married man of nervous temperament, temporarily in charge of an eloping lady, while the husband-to-be is procuring the license, is himself accused of having run away with her. The arrival of the absent lover relieves the situation and leads to an unusually effective climax.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS

PRICE 25 CENTS

Farce in 2 acts, by A. E. Wills. 8 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Time, 2 hours. The action is continuous, dialogue snappy and climax so unexpected, that this farce can be recommended as one of the most laughable.

COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

BILLY'S BUNGALOW

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by E. M. Crane. 5 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Time, 2 hours. The amusing episodes of a house-party at Billy's Bungalow on Cedar Island. The situations are both serious and ludicrous with a dramatically effective climax.

BRIDE AND GROOM

PRICE 25 CENTS

Farce in 3 acts, by Walter B. Hare. 5 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Time, a full evening. A new play by this well-known author who has so many successes to his credit. Very bright, filled with comic surprises and free from any coarseness. Recommended for all occasions.

BUBBLES

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by Jane Swenarton. 4 males, 3 females. 1 exterior. Time, 1½ hours. A sparkling comedy recommended for schools.

BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE; OR, SHE WOULD BE A WIDOW

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by L. C. Tees. 11 males, 6 females. 3 interiors. Time, 2½ hours. The leading male characters offer uncommon opportunities for two comedians, while the remaining male parts yield barrels of fun. The female characters are all first-rate, but none of them difficult.

COLLEGE CHUMS

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Wills. 9 males, 3 females. 1 interior. Time, 2 hours. An ambitious young man is transformed through his college surroundings into an athlete of vigor and spirit. Two opposing Civil War veterans and a German professor sustain the comedy parts.

COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by A. E. Wills. 9 males, 4 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Time, 2½ hours. The action occurs at the "Lion Inn" in the Catskills, the proprietor of which has advertised a Count Nogoodio as sojourning at his hotel. Guests arrive, but no count, whereupon the landlord induces a tramp to impersonate the count. The tramp creates endless absurd situations and surprises. A French waitress has an excellent soubrette rôle.

THE DEACON

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy drama in 5 acts, by H. C. Dale. 8 males, 6 females. Time, 2½ hours. A play of the Alvin Joslyn type, easily staged. Abounds in humorous incidents and ludicrous situations, and has much farcical business.

DOCTOR BY COURTESY

PRICE 25 CENTS

Farce in 3 acts, by Ullie Akerstrom. 6 males, 5 females. 2 interiors. Time, 2 hours. Doctor Sly's father-in-law adopts very strong methods to force Sly into practice, causing all manner of comical situations, which rapidly follow each other and all of which are finally unravelled.

GIRL FROM PORTO RICO

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by J. LeBrandt. 5 males, 3 females. 1 interior. Time, 2½ hours. Mr. Mite's fiery daughter, Dina, marries with a view of subjugating her husband and making his life a torture, but finds her master in Jack, who finally wins her love.

HURRICANE WOOING

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by W. & J. Giles. 4 males, 3 females. 1 interior. Time, 1½ hours. In order to inherit a fortune, Jack finds an immediate marriage necessary. His attempts to wed are most ludicrously given in this sketch. Dialogue and action bright and snappy.

JOHN BRAG

PRICE 25 CENTS

Farce in 4 acts, by G. V. May. 8 males, 5 females. 1 interior, 1 exterior. Time, 2½ hours. Brag, a sporty old fellow, to save himself from financial ruin pretends to be dead. This leads to all kinds of complications. The characters are all good and there is nothing slow in the piece.

COMEDIES AND DRAMAS

WHAT'S NEXT

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by Bob Watt. 7 males, 4 females. 2 interiors. Time, 2½ hours. A specialty play, strong in character parts, tells a good story and keeps the spectators in a state of expectancy about what is to happen next. Children can be used in the first act.

A WHITE LIE

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy drama in 4 acts, by H. C. Dale. 4 males, 3 females. Time, 2½ hours. A favorite play with all audiences. It abounds in laughable comedy features and strong situations of serious interest. Each character offers scope for fine acting.

WHITE SHAWL

PRICE 25 CENTS

Farce in 2 acts, by C. L. Dalrymple. 3 males, 3 females. 1 interior. Time, 1½ hours. A cleverly arranged "Comedy of Errors" in which an elderly doctor's attempt at wooing a young girl already engaged, and the strategy of two young men to defeat the doctor's aims all result in getting things tangled up in the most ludicrous manner. Woman's wit sets matters right at last.

WIDOW'S WILES

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 3 acts, by E. H. Calaway. 7 males, 8 females. 3 interiors. Time, 2 hours. An apparently simple plot, but involving unexpected complications which arouse the keenest interest in the fate of the leading characters.

CHANCE AT MIDNIGHT

PRICE 25 CENTS

Powerful dramatic episode in 1 act, by C. Stuart. 2 males, 1 female and a non-speaking rôle for a five-year-old child. 1 interior. Time, 25 minutes. A scoundrel attempts to blackmail a wife and is foiled by an escaped convict.

CONQUEST OF HELEN

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 1 act, by R. W. Tag. 3 males, 2 females. 1 interior. Time, 1 hour. A clever play with an excellent female lead, a young man well posted on current events, straight male lead and an Irish servant girl. Very witty, action rapid.

FOUND IN A CLOSET

PRICE 25 CENTS

Comedy in 1 act, by C. Van Valkenburg. 1 male, 3 females. 1 interior. Time, 20 minutes. Bright sketch, practically for 2 girls. What they found in the closet was the means of reuniting an estranged couple.

THE HOOSIER SCHOOL

PRICE 15 CENTS

Farce in 1 act, by W. & J. Giles. 5 males, 5 females. 1 interior. Time, ¾ hour. The rough and ready teacher and his tricky scholars keep the audience in a roar. The teacher is finally squelched by the irate mother of one of his pupils.

STANDING ROOM ONLY

PRICE 15 CENTS

Comedy in 1 act, by D. S. Anderson. 3 males, 1 female. 1 interior. Time, ½ hour. Plenty of humor, bright dialogue and rapid action. A very superior female lead.

A STORMY NIGHT

PRICE 15 CENTS

Comedy in 1 act, by K. Kavanaugh. 3 males, 1 female. 1 interior. Time, 40 minutes. The dialogue is crisp, up-to-date and somewhat on the order of a cross-fire sketch.

LOVEBIRD'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY

PRICE 15 CENTS

Farce in 1 act, by H. Sander. 3 males, 4 females. 1 interior. Time, ¼ hour. Dick, very "short" in money but very "long" in debts, decides to open a matrimonial agency. The clients, all character parts, are especially good.

PLAYS WE RECOMMEND

Fifteen Cents Each (Postage, 1 Cent Extra)

Unless Otherwise Mentioned

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Arabian Nights	Farce	3	4	5	2¼h
Bundle of Matches	Comedy	2	1	7	1½h
Crawford's Claim (27c.)	Drama	3	9	3	2¼h
Her Ladyship's Niece	Comedy	4	4	4	1½h
Just for Fun (27c.)	"	3	2	4	2h
Men, Maids, Matchmakers	" (27c.)	3	4	4	2h
Our Boys	"	3	6	4	2h
Puzzled Detective	Farce	3	5	3	1h
Three Hats	"	3	5	4	2h
Timothy Delano's Courtship	Comedy	2	2	3	1h
Up-to-Date Anne	"	2	2	3	1h
White Shawl	Farce	2	3	3	1½h
Fleeing Flyer	"	1	4	3	1½h
From Punkin' Ridge	Drama	1	6	3	1¼h
Handy Solomon	Farce	1	2	2	20m
Hoosier School	"	1	5	5	30m
Kiss in the Dark	"	1	2	3	45m
Larry	"	1	4	4	45m
Love Birds' Matrimonial Agency	"	1	3	4	30m
Married Lovers	Comedy	1	2	4	45m
Ma's New Boarders	Farce	1	4	4	30m
Mrs. Forester's Crusade	"	1	1	2	30m
New Pastor	Sketch	1	2	2	30m
Relations	Farce	1	3	1	20m
Standing Room Only	Comedy	1	3	1	35m
Stormy Night	"	1	3	1	40m
Surprises	Farce	1	2	3	30m
Tangles	"	1	4	2	30m
Little Rogue Next Door	"	1	2	3	40m
'Till Three P. M.	"	1	2	1	20m
Train to Mauro	"	1	2	1	15m
When Women Rule	"	1	2	4	15m
Won by a Kodak	Comedy	1	2	3	50m
April Fools	Farce	1	3	0	30m
Fun in a Schoolroom	"	1	4	0	40m
Little Red Mare	"	1	3	0	35m
Manager's Trials	"	1	9	0	45m
Medica	"	1	7	0	35m
Mischievous Bob	Comedy	1	6	0	40m
Cheerful Companion	Dialogue	1	0	2	25m
Dolly's Double	"	1	1	1	20m
Drifted Apart	"	1	1	1	30m
Gentle Touch	"	1	1	1	30m
John's Emmy	"	1	1	1	20m
Point of View	"	1	1	1	20m
Professor's Truant Glove	"	1	1	1	20m
Belles of Blackville	Minstrel	1	0	any no.	2h
Sweet Family	Entertainment	1	0	8	1h
Conspirators	Comedy	2	0	12	40m
A Day and a Night	"	2	0	10	1h
Gertrude Mason, M.D.	Farce	1	0	7	30m
In Other People's Shoes	Comedy	1	0	8	50m
Maidens All Forlorn	"	3	0	6	1¼h
Mary Ann	"	1	0	5	30m
Romance of Phyllis	"	3	0	4	1¼h
Fuss vs. Feathers	Mock Trial	1	4	4	30m
Tanglefoot vs. Peruna	" "	1	7	18	1½h
Great Libel Case	" "	1	21	0	2h



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PLAYS WE RE

For Schools and

Twenty-five cents (Postage 2 cents extra)

		Acts	Males	Females	Time
Irish Eden	Comedy	3	8	6	2h
Kidnapped Freshman	Farce	3	12	4	2½h
Matrimonial Tiff	Farce	1	2	1	1h
Little Savage	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Lodgers Taken In	"	3	6	4	2½h
Miss Mosher of Colorado	"	4	5	3	2h
Miss Neptune	"	2	3	8	1¼h
My Uncle from India	"	4	13	4	2½h
Never Again	Farce	3	7	5	2h
New England Folks	Drama	3	8	4	2¼h
Next Door	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
Oak Farm	Comedy	3	7	4	2½h
Riddles	"	3	3	3	1¼h
Rosebrook Farm	"	3	6	9	1¾h
Stubborn Motor Car	"	3	7	4	2½h
Too Many Husbands	Farce	2	8	4	2h
When a Man's Single	Comedy	3	4	4	2h
Where the Lane Turned	"	4	7	5	2h
After the Honeymoon	Farce	1	2	3	50m
Biscuits and Bills	Comedy	1	3	1	1¼h
Chance at Midnight	Drama	1	2	1	25m
Conquest of Helen	Comedy	1	3	2	1h
The Coward	Drama	1	5	2	30m
Sheriff of Tuckahoe	Western Sk.	1	3	1	1h
Bashful Mr. Bobbs	Comedy	3	4	7	2½h
Whose Widow	"	1	5	4	50m
Alice's Blighted Profession	Sketch	1	0	8	50m
Regular Girls	Entertainment	1	0	any no.	1h
100% American	Comedy	1	0	15	1½h
Parlor Patriots	"	1	0	12	1h
Fads and Fancies	Sketch	1	0	17	1h
Mr. Loring's Aunts	Comedy	3	0	13	1¼h
My Son Arthur	"	1	2	8	¾h
Sewing Circle Meets	Entertainment	1	0	10	1¼h
Every Senior	Morality play	1	0	8	40m
Bride and Groom	Farce	3	5	5	2¼h
Last Chance	Comedy	2	2	12	1½h
Bubbles	"	3	4	3	1½h
Hurricane Wooing	"	3	4	3	1½h
Peggy's Predicament	"	1	0	5	½h
Found in a Closet	"	1	1	3	20m
Slacker (?) for the Cause	Sketch	1	3	1	20m
Baby Scott	Farce	3	5	4	2¼h
Billy's Bungalow	Comedy	3	5	4	2h
College Chums	"	3	9	3	2h
Delegates from Denver	Farce	2	3	10	¾h
Football Romance	Comedy	4	9	4	2¼h
Held for Postage	Farce	2	4	3	1¼h
In the Absence of Susan	"	3	4	6	1½h
Transaction in Stocks	Comedy	1	4	1	45m
Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party	Entertainment	1	5	11	2h
Bachelor Maids' Reunion	"	1	2	any no.	1½h
In the Ferry House	"	1	15	11	1½h
Rustic Minstrel Show	"	1	any no.	any no.	1½h
Ye Village Skewl of Long Ago	"	2	any no.	any no.	2h
Rainbow Kimona	"	2	0	9	1½h
Rosemary	Comedy	4	0	14	1½h
Pharaoh's Knob	"	1	1	12	1h